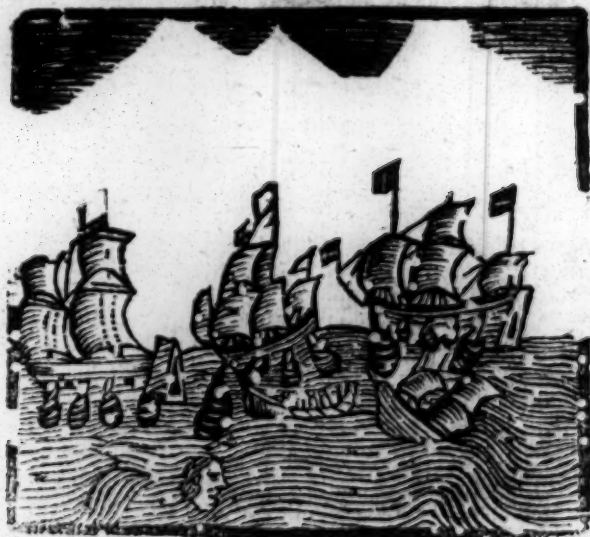


T H E B E N J A M I N ' s L A M E N T A T I O N

For their sad Loss at Sea by Storms and Tempests: Being a brief Narrative of one of his Majesty's Ships, call'd, the *Benjamin*, that was drove into Harbour at *Plimouth*, and received no small Harm by this Tempest. To a new Tune, call'd, *The poor Benjamin*, O, &c.



Captain Chilver's gone to Sea,
Ay, Boys, O Boys,
With all his Company, Ay,
Captain Chilver's gone to Sea,
With all his Company,
in the brave Benjamin, O.

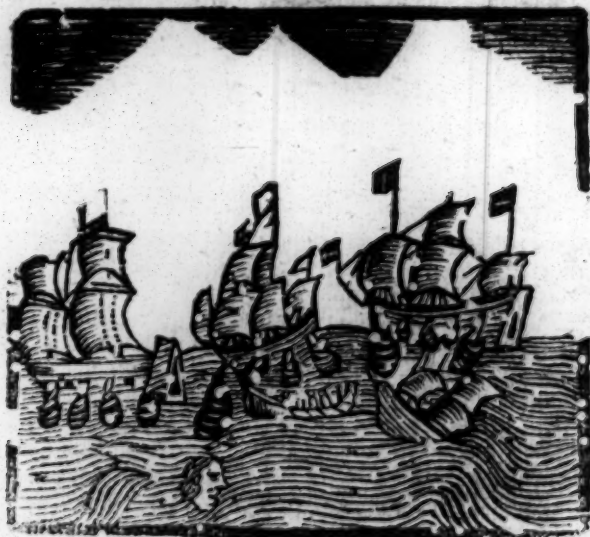
Thirty Guns the Ship did bear,
Ay, Boys, O Boys.
They were bound for Venice fair, Ay;
Thirty Guns his Ship did bear,
And a hundred Men so clear,
in the brave Benjamin, O.

But by ill Storms at Sea,
Ay, Boys, O Boys,
Which bred out Miskery, Ay,
But by ill Storms at Sea,
We were dyde our o'rh' way
in the brave Benjamin, O.

We had more Wind then we could bear,
Ay, Boys, O Boys,
Our Ship it would not steer, Ay,
We had more Wind then we could bear,
Our Masts and Sails did tear,
in the poor Benjamin, O.

T H E B E N J A M I N ' s L A M E N T A T I O N

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We were dyde our o'rh' way
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We had more Wind then we could bear,
Ay, Boys, O Boys,
Our Ship it would not steer, Ay,
We had more Wind then we could bear,
Our Masts and Sails did tear,
in the poor Benjamin, O.

The first Harm that we had,
Ay, Boys, O Boys,
It makes my Heart to sad, Ay;
The first Harm that we had
We lost our Fore-mast-head;
O the poor Benjamin, O.

The Seas aloud did roar,
Ay, Boys, O Boys,
We being far from Shore, Ay,
The Seas no favour shew,
Unto Friends nor Foes.
O the poor Benjamin, O.

The next Harm that we 'ply'd,
Ay Boys, O Boys,
Then we to Heaven cry'd, Ay;
Down fell our Main-mast-head,
Which crack our Senses dead,
in the poor Benjamin, O.

Thus we with Seas were cross,
Ay, Boys, O Boys,
And on the Ocean tost, Ay;
Thus we with Sea were tost
Many a brave Man was lost,
in the brave Benjamin, O.

The next Harm that we had,
Ay, Boys, O Boys,
We had cause to be sad, Ay;
The next Harm that we had,
We lost four Men from the Ward,
in the poor Benjamin, O.

Disabled was I name,
Ay, O Boy,
We were dyed on the Main, Ay,
So the next Harm we had,
We lost our Rudder's Head,
O the poor Benjamin, O.

Then we fell all to Prayer,
Ay Boys, O Boys,
The Lord our Lives would spare, Ay,
Then we fell all to Prayer
And he at last did hear
us in the Benjamin, O.

Although we sailed in fear,
Ay, Boys O Boys,
The Lord our Ship did steer, Ay;
Our Prayers so fervent were,
That we had passage clear
into brave Plymouth Sound, O.

When we came in Plymouth Sound,
Ay, Boys, O Boys,
Our Hearts did then resound, Ay;
When we came to Plymouth Sound,
Our Grief with Joy was crown'd,
in the poor Benjamin, O.

When we came all on Shore,
Ay Boys, O Boys,
Every Man at his Door, Ay;
When we came all on Shore,
Our Grief we did deplore,
in the brave Benjamin, O.

You gallant young men all,
Ay Boys, O Boys,
'Tis unto you I call, Ay;
Likewise brave Seamen all,
Lament the Loss and Fall
of the poor Benjamin, O.

Now my noble Hearts of Gold,
Ay Boys, O Boys, [Ay
That on Neptune's Waves have rold,
Now my noble Hearts of Gold
Your ancient Courage hold,
like the brave Benjamin, O.